DE Mirabilibus Pecci.

BEING THE

VVONDERS

OF THE

PEAK

IN

DARBY-SHIRE,

Commonly called

The Devil's Arse of Peak.

In Engliſh and Latine.

The Latine Written by *Thomas Hobbes* of *Malmsbury.*

The Engliſh by a Perſon of Quality.

London, Printed for *William Crook* at the Green *Dragon* without *Temple-Bar*, 1678.

LICENSED:

septemb. 3d. 1677. *Rog. L'estrange.*

An Advertiſement.

THis Latine Poem, writ by the famous Mr. Thomas Hobs *of* Malmſbury, *hath got ſuch reputation, that many Engliſh Readers had a great deſire to be acquainted with it, for whoſe ſakes it is now tranſlated into Engliſh, although without the knowledge of* Mr. Hobs; *who it is hop'd will not be diſpleaſed with this attempt which is left to others Judgments, whether done well or ill. Reader farewel, but do not forget to peruſe that excellent Tranſlation of* Homer *by* Mr. Hobs. *I think the moſt exact and beſt Tranſlation that ere I ſaw.*

TO THE

NOBLE LORD

VVILLIAM

Earl of *Devonſhire*

Concerning the Wonder of the Peak.

A POEM.

ON th' Engliſh *Alps*, where *Darbies* Peak doth riſe,
High up in Hills, that Emulate the Skies,
And largely Waters all the Vales below,
With Rivers that ſtill plentifully Flow,
Doth [1] *Chatsworth* by ſwift *Derwins* Channel ſtand,
Fam'd for it's Pile, and Lord, for both are grand.
Slowly the [2] River by its Gates doth paſs,

(1) *Chatſworth. Wonder.* 1, (2) *Derwin.*

Here

AD

NOBILISSIMUM DOMINUM

GULIELMUM

Comitem *Devoniæ*, &c.

De Mirabilibus * *Pecci.*

CARMEN.

ALpibus *Angliacis*, *ubi* Pecci *nomine*, *ſurgit*,
Darbenſis *Regio*, *montes ad ſidera tollens*,
Fœcundaſque rigans, *non uno flumine*, *valles*,
Stat [1] Chatſworth *præclara domus*, *tum mole ſuperba*,
Tum Domino, *Magnis*, *celerem* [2] Deroentis *ad undam*.
Miranti ſimilis portam præterfluit Amnis,

* *The Peak.* (1) *Chatſworth. Mirab.* 1, (2) *Derwin.*

Here silent, as in Wonder of the place,
But does from Rocky precipices move
In rapid streams below it, and above.
A lofty Mountain guards the house behind,
From the assaults of the rough Eastern wind;
Which does from far it's rugged Cliffs display,
And Sleep prolongs, by shutting out the day.
Behind, a pleasant Garden does appear;
Where the rich earth, breaths odours every where.
Where in the midst of [3] Woods, the fruitful Tree
Fears without prune-hook, seeming now as free.
Where by the thick leav'd roof the Walls are made
Spite of the Sun were all his beams display'd
More cool than the fam'd *Virgil's* Beechen shade.
Where Art (it self dissembling) rough hewn stone
And craggy flints worn out by dropping on
Together joyning by the workmans tool)
Makes horrid [5] rocks, and watry caverns cool.

(3) *Groves of plum trees.* (5) *Rocks made by art in imitation of the natural.*

The

Hic tacitus, ſaxis, infra ſupraque, ſonorus.

At Mons terga domûs rapidis defendit ab Euris,

Oſtendens longè exertis juga conſita ſaxis,

Præfectoque die, producens tempora ſomni.

Summovet à tergo rupes gratiſſimus hortus,

Pinguis odoratis ubi tellus floribus halat;

Arbor ubi in mediis[3] ſilvis ſibi libera viſa,

Dat fructus injuſſa ſuos; ubi frondea tecta

Arboreis præbent invito frigora ſole

[4] Porticibus, potiora tuæ (Maro) tegmine fagi,

Ars ubi (diſſimulans artem) ſimulavit (ineptos

Conſocians ferro lapides guttaque pereſos)

In formes[5] ſcopulos, & frigida fontibus antra.

3 Frunetis in ipſo horto, ſylvas imitantibus. 4 Ambulationibus. 5 Rupes arte compoſitas.

The Water that from native Cliffs had ſource
Once free and unconfin'd, throughout it's courſe,
By it's own [5] Country Metal is led on
Captive to Rocks of Artificial ſtone.
There buried deep, it's ſtreams it doubly throws
Into two circling Channels as it goes,
Through thouſand cranies, which by art it does.
Then girds the Rock with many a hollow [6] vain,
Frighting all under with ſurpriſing rain.
Thence turning it a Marble font does ſtore,
Until it's loſty brims can hold no more.
And entring the houſe, obſequious is
To Cook and Butler, in their ſervices.
And guſhing up within the midſt does ſpout
His Cryſtal waters ev'ry where about,
Fit for the hands, from the tall Ciſterns out.
And though to this but four vents we aſſign,

(5) Lead which in that County is digged out of the earth. (6) With leaden pipes.

Cal=

Libera nativis *veniens a rupibus unda*

Accedit positis, [5] *patrio captiva metallo,*

Et tellure latens, duplicem jaculatur in orbem,

Jussa, suum laticem per mille foramina cæca,

Et scopulum complexa tenacibus undique [6] *venis,*

Jussa fugat misso subeuntes desuper imbre.

Hinc avecta creat sublimen marmore fontem,

Atque ingressa domum Promos conserva Cocesque

Ad juvat; in mediis surgitque penaltibus, alto

In sudens nitidam manibus de marmore lympham,

Et quamvis tubulis tantum effinat illa quaternis

(5) Plumbo quod in ea regione, terra effoditur. (6) Tubulis plumbeis.

Non

(7)*Calliroe's* not so fair that spouts from nine.
The river turning off a little space,
Part of a garden's seen that fronts the place:
Two rowes of Crystal (8) ponds here shine and dance
Which trembling wave the Sun beams as they glance,
In which vast shoales of fishes wanton float,
Not conscious of the prison where they'r shut.
How does it please when as the Nymphs fling in
The prey intic'd, to the bright flouds again,
T' observe the method that the wantons use,
First to inveigle men, and then refuse!
What can more gratefull or Surprising be,
Than gardens pend'lous on high mounts to see?
Within the midst of all the waters stand,
Cæsarian Piles built by a womans hand.
Piles fit for Kings to build, and Monarchs rear,
In *Cavendishian* Lordships doe appear;
The petty products of a Female care.

(7) *A Fountain sacred amongst the* Athenians *flowing from nine pipes.* (8) *Fish Ponds*

But

Non tam [7] Calliroe *pulchrè fluit* Enneacrune,

Rejecto panlum fluvio, ſeſe ingerit horti

Angulus Alterius, tecta alta à fronte videntis.

Diſpoſita hic gemino collucent ordine [8] *ſtagna,*

Immerſum tremulis undis quatientia ſolem,

Queis magno numero ſalit & laſcivus inerrat

Non intellecto concluſus carcere piſcis.

Quàm juvat, hit, quoties piſcatrix candida prædam

Abjicet illectam, morem obſervare puellis

Innatum, captare viros, & ſpernere captos!

Quàm libet in mediis mirari fluctibus, altò

Aggere ſuſpenſos hortos! quæ Cæſare *moles*

Digna Cavendiſiâ *certè eſt in gente, puſillum*

Fœmineumque opus. At quota pars ea laudis Elizæ

(7) Fons *Athenis* ſacer, novem effluens fiſtulis. (8) Piſcinæ.

Salopi.

But of fam'd Shrewſbury's great Counteſs this
The leaſt of thouſand commendations is.
To whom vaſt Structures their foundations own;
Who got great wealth with great and good renown;
Who by her candor made all friends in power,
And with her bounty ſhin'd upon the lower;
Who left an [3] Off-ſpring numerous and great
With which the joyful Nation's ſtill repleat;
How Sweet it is upon the Sandy ſhore
Of Cryſtall Pooles, great Nature to explore!
Or to my Lord Small [4] giſts of verſe prefer,
Wherein thoſe happy fields I may declare
Preſt by the Muſes, which ſtill urgent are.
A more commodious ſoile they never knew,
Nor a more friendly Lord had title to.
From hence, on riſing ground, appears a neat,
And fair aſcent, up to the Pallace gate.

(3) *The Earls of Devonſhire, New Caſtle and Kingſton, Nephews to the Counteſs of Shrewsbury.* (4) *This Poem.*

Royal

Salopicæ ? *quæ multa, & magna palatia ſtruxit ;*

Magnas diuitias ; magnamque bonamque paravit

Famam ; quæ magnos ſibi conciliavit amicos,

Ornavitque humiles ; Multam, magnamque reliquit

? Prolem, qua regio late nunc uſque beatur.

Quam dulce eſt, inter, circumque nitentia ſtagna

Inſternete vias, æſtivâ ſemper, arena,

Diſcipulum memet naturæ tradere rerum ;

Aut Domino *exiguum meditari carmine* [1] Munus,

Et multum Muſis, deſcribere rura, rogatis.

Commodiore loco non uſquam habitare, nec uſquam

Candidiore frui Muſæ cenſentur amico.

Hinc, ad tecta, ſolo ſurgente, aſcenditur, Extra,

(9) Comites Devoniæ, *Novi-caſtri, Kingſtonæ,* nepotes Comitiſſæ *Salopien-ſis.* (1) Hoc ipſum.

Auguſta

Royall, August, sublime without tis seen;
Large, neat, commodious, splendid, rich within.
What thou may'st find in Marble figur'd out
Of Poets fables, or old Hero's stout,
Dwell not upon't; nor cement hard as stone,
Nor count the faithful Servants, one by one,
But the great Master celebrate my Muse.
To whome descended from an antient House,
Devon gives princely Titles, *Derby* [2] Cares:
Who in a constant breast, discretion bears.
Magnificent, not lavish, still he spends
His riches freely, and amongst his Friends;
He of your Quire is the only grace,
He for the Muses finds a resting place,
And pleasant shades, and gratful leisure gives,
And he from them large Eloquence receives
With a discerning mind, 'twixt good, and ill.
Next view his [3] Consort wistly, view her Still,

(2) *The Lieutenantship of the County of* Darby (3) Christiana *Countess of* Devonshire

descended

Auguſta aſpectu, ſublimia, Regia; & intra
Commoda, culta, capacia, ſplendida, ditia tecta.
At tu marmoreis quæ ſint deſcripta figuris
Ficta Poetarum, priſcorum aut facta virorum,
Ne cures, duro nec certans marmore Gypſum.
Ingenuos nec tu cupias numerare miniſtros,
Sed Dominum, mea Muſa, colas, cui gente vetuſtâ
Orto, dat titulos Devonia, Derbia [2] *Curas.*
Acrem judicio; conſtantem pectore; lautum;
Utentemque opibus, luxu ſine, & inter amicos.
Ille Chori veſtri ſummum decus; ille benigna
Otia dat Muſis; ſed & illi Muſa diſerto
Ore loqui, atque animo ſecernere turpia honeſtis.
Tum [3] *Dominam ſpectes, alta de gente* Bruſorum

(2) Præfecturam militiæ in agro Derbenſi, (3) Chriſtianam Comitiſſam Devoniæ.

Magnani.

Deſcended from the *Bruſes* antient line,
Whoſe Kingly Stock does in her viſage ſhine.
Then view their Noble Off-ſpring; but above
The reſt a [2] Nymph, whom *Jove* himſelf may love:
With two Sweet Youths, who Angells might be ſaid,
The common pledges of the Marriage bed.
Theſe with their Parents may be wonder'd at;
What elſe of Miracles thou may'ſt repeat,
Fall ſhort of theſe, and are not nigh ſo great.
Of the high Peak, are Seven wonders writ.
Two Fonts, two Caves, one Pallace, Mount, and Pit.
To wit that Stately Pallace we have nam'd
But now, is firſt among the ſeven fam'd.
O'th' reſt diſcourſing, Some who long'd to know
The cauſe of things, to ſee them joyn to goe;
And I ('twas worth the while) amongſt them too.
'Twas at the time the earth did tribute pay,

(2) *The Lady* Ann Cavendiſh (3) William *now Earl of* Devonſhire *with his Brother* Charles.

And

Magnanimo proavos ſpirantem pectore Reges.

Amborumque vide Sobolem, imprimiſq; [1] Puellam

Dignam, qua caleant Superi, binoſq; [2] Puellos

Angelicos, caſti communia pignora lecti.

Hos tu mireris, ſobolemq; & utrumq; parentem;

Cætera quæ referes miracula, ſunto minoris.

Alti *cenſenter ſeptem miracula* Pecci.

Ædes, Mons, Barathrum, *binus* Fons, Antraq; *bina.*

Scilicet illæ ipſæ, quas jam memoravimus, Ædes

Ornatæ, tot ſunt inter miracula, primæ.

Intra has, ne Reliquis orto ſermone quibuſdam

Eſt viſum, promptis rerum perdiſcere cauſas,

Et mihi (namq; operæ pretium eſt) ea viſere mirâ.

Anni tempus erat quo tellus fœnora ſolvit;

(1) Dominam *Annam Cavendiſh*, (2) *Gukelmum* nunc *Comitem* Devo-piæ cum Fatre *Carolo*.

And the hot Sun the dew had wip'd away
From off the ſtubble, when we firſt begun
Our journy, and to Guide us hired one:
Thus we ſet forwards from the gates, and make
Pilſly and *Haſſop* in a rugged track.
From thence our horſe with weary feet and ſlow
Towards a ſteep Hill's high top, doe climbing go;
And after many a tug and weary Strain,
Halfe breathleſs, they the Summity do gain.
Turning about with wonder we eſpy
The birds now lazily to creep, not fly.
And that the Pico of the Mountains brow
Had pierc'd the body of the Clouds quite through
Derwin appeares but as a crooked line,
And *Chatſworth* as a point it doth entwine.
W'had gone but little further, when we found
The Hills ſoft back, cut deep with many a wound.

Et vitreum ſectis abſterſerat altus ariſtis

Jam Phœbus *rorem, cum tecto excedimus, Ipſi,*

Duxq; viæ ſervuſq; (ſed ille vicarius) unus.

Egreſſi auferimur portis, petimuſque propinquam

Pilſley, *dein* Haſſop *ſalebroſo tramite. Montem*

Hinc celſum, acclivemque, gradu lento, & pede laſſo

Scandit equus, ſummumq; jugum mox calcat anhelus.

Converſi miramur aves jam repere ſegnes,

Atque humiles claro transfigi vertice nubes.

Chatſworth *jam punctum,* Deroen *jam linea curva eſt.*

Vix iter inceptum ſequimur, cum levia montis

Aſpicimus crebro lacerari vulnere terga

And did the earth in whitish [1] ranks espie
Cast up in heaps, upon the surface lye.
Tis a high soil; but cover'd with a crust
Of brittle earth, soon crumbling into dust;
Which least by it's own weight it should fall down.
Nature hath propt it with a roof of Stone.
But the dark Prince of wealth divides throughout,
In thousand channels, which himself had cut,
In order'd ranks the Stone; and each so drawn
From th' Eastern point, unto the Western one
You'd think they felt not the effects alone
Of heat and warmth, but that they view'd the Sun.
The griping hand of *Dis* within these beds
Had stor'd of better mettals the crude seeds:
To be hereafter to perfection brought
By the Sun beams, as they upon them wrought,
Till then for to be guarded by the Stone,

(1) *They dig the Mines orderly in a parallel line, they call them* the Rakes.

From

Lateq; egeſta[1] *liratim, albeſcere terrâ.*

Eſt ſublime ſolum, tenuiq; friabile gleba,

Quod ne quando ſua poſſit ſubſidere mole,

Natura ingenito ſuffulcit provida ſaxo.

At ſaxum innumeris diviſit in ordine rimis,

Ater opum Dominus. Cunctaſq; ita ſolis ab ortu,

Duxit in occaſum, non ut ſenſiſſe calentem

Lampada Phœbæam, ſed & aſpexiſſe putares.

Condidit his ſulcis melioris cruda metalli

Semina, ſolari poſt perficienda calore,

Tutanda interera duræ munimine rupis

(1) Ordinatim, nam ſeries fodinarum unde hauritur plumbum, paralelæ ſunt, Anglicè vocantur *the Rakes*.

From all assaults sufficient Garrison.
But all in vain, for neither can the Sun
With oblique ray, bring to concoction
The rougher leaden lump; nor is the ground
Sufficient guardian, for it's treasure found.
For man (wealth's great invader wheresoe're
It hidden lies) with [1] fire and Steel does tear
The bowels of the earth; and rends in twain
The Stony cover of the leaden vein.
And boldly dares, if poverty compel,
To rob th' Exchecquer, of the Prince of Hell.
Not alwayes without danger, [2] two were caught
As in their Mothers womb they deeply wrought
By death; who suddenly o'rewhelm'd them there,
Where they themselves had digg'd a Sepulcher.
The* inlets (which with narrow vents admit

(1) *For the stone wherein the veins of lead are contain'd is sometimes of that hardness that it cannot be pierced but by fire.* (2) *It hapned as we past by, that of two that were overwhelmed in the mines one was drawn up, the other searching for.* (*) Alias air-shafts.

But

Ditis *avara manus frustra. Nam nec satis igne*

Concoquit obliquo Sol Plumbi terrea frusta,

Nec custodit humus sibi credita. Viscera terræ

(Certus opum quacunque latent regione repostæ,

Insidiator) homo, ferro pervadit & [1] igne,

Saxea plumbiferæ rescindit tegmina venæ

Exhauritque audax jam, paupertate jubente,

Tartarei prædo fiscum spoliare Tyranni.

Haud impune aliquando. [2] Duos telluris in imo

Deprensos gremio, Mors occupat, atq; profundo

Oppressos tegit, ipsi quod fodêre, sepulcro.

[3] *Spiramenta (tubis ægrè admittentia [4] iniquit*

(1) Nam saxum quo plumbi venæ continentur, eâ est aliquando duritie quæ non nisi igne vincitur. (2) Contigit pretereuntibus nobis, è duobus, qui ruinâ fovea oppressi fuerant, unum extrahi, alterum quæri. (3) Foveæ rum spiracula. (4) Actis,

But hardly down thoſe who are forc'd to it
By want, whoſe bellies are by hunger fit)
With beams of wood the Natives ſtill diſtend,
And prop their way, as to the veins they bend.
A people expert in experienc'd wo,
Damn'd to the Mines, for many years ago;
That all may ſee they fell not unawares,
But were long ſought for, by infernal ſnares.
Which now the main ſupporters take away
That did the earths weak brittle ſurface ſtay,
And gather to the neighbouring ſhades below
The ſouls, preſt forth from their cruſt bodies now.
Bodies by bodies in theſe deeps we ſound,
Thus arrows loſt, are ſtill by arrows found.
Before our feet, a Corps digg'd up we ſee,
Which minds us what we are, or ought to be.

(1) *To keep the ſides of the vents from falling in.* (2) *Whom want hath forced or condemned to undergo that labour.*

Quos caſtigato detrudit inedia ventre)

Ligniculis intus [1] vincit, venamq; ſequutas

Materie foſſas ſuſtentat, gnara pericli,

Atq; experta, diu jam gens [2] damnata metallis;

Vt non incautos ſcires periiſſe, ſed Orco

Quæſitos. Terræ hic ſubducit fulcra caducæ,

Expreſſaſq; animas, vicinis congregat umbris.

Corpora corporibus quærunt. Sic credita ſæpe eſt

Emiſſa amiſſam monſtraſſe ſagitta ſagittam.

Ante pedes unum terra jacet ecce cadaver

Effoſſum; noſtriq; monet meminiſſe. Cadaver,

(1) Conſtringit, ut diſtineantur fovex latera; (2) Quam ad opera damnaverat paupertas.

Marcida

Much like the body we about us bring.
T'other lies buried in the earth, but ſtill
Hopes an 'extraction when 'tis Heavens will.
Upon the earth that from the mine was thrown,
A lazy people drawn from e'ry Town,
To ſee the mournful ſpectacle came down.
Two women weeping in the croud we ſpi'd;
One for the loſs of joyes that ſhe had tri'd,
T'other for want of hopes are now denied.
Ones flame continual uſe had near expir'd,
T'other with itch of novelty was fir'd.
Both mourn, becauſe that both their joyes have loſt,
But ſhe who laſt had taſted them, the moſt.
Let them ſtill mourn. We in our way go on,
And now four thouſand paces we had gone,
By our horſe feet we count, as oft the Stone
In equal ſpace each foot precedeing ſtill

(1) *To be found and drawn out.*

Before

Marcida, iners, putris, noſtriq; ſimillima res eſt.
Alterum adhuc tectum tellure, [1] reſurgere corpus
Expectat. Sedet egeſtæ ſuper aggere terræ
Turba ſupina, locis ſpectatum egreſſa propinquis;
Ploranteſq; duæ mulieres. Altera ſueta
Gaudia perdiderat; ſpem amiſerat altera dulcem.
Alterius flammam, longus reſtrinxerat uſus;
Alterius, ſpes effræniſq; libido ſciendi
Foverat ardentem. Plorant utræq; Maritum.
Illa quidem luget, luget magis altera ſponſum.
Deploranto. Viâ qua cœptum eſt pergimus ire.
Jam pede mille quater paſſus numeramus equino.

(1) Extrahi,

Et

In equal ſpace each foot proceeding ſtill
Before its fellow, now hath felt their heel.
Our ſhadowes go before, and ſhorteſt ſhew
What courſe the Sun bear's, and what courſe we go,
Many ſmall Villages on either ſide
We leave behind us, as we onward ride,
The laſt is Hope; the reſt I'le not rehearſe,
Their names are too too cumberſome for verſe.
On hollow ground, repleat with mines below,
And fill'd with mortals, [2] high aloft we go.
The horſe with haſty feet beats on the ſoil,
Redoubled eccho's from their hoofs recoil.
And in an hours ſpace, or thereabout,
To a ſteep Mountains precipice we're brought,
It was great odds we did not headlong go
Into the neighbouring village ſtood below.

(1) *The ſhadowes at the ſhorteſt and caſt before us, ſhew the Sun to be come to the Meridian (a ſouth Sun) and that our faces are turn'd towards the north.* (2) *Over the heads of thoſe that work'd underneath in the Mines.*

But

Et toties ſocium ſpatiis pēs quilibet æquis

Præteriens, terram alterno percuſſerat ictu.

Anteit umbra pedes, monſtratq; breviſſima, [1] qua ſtat

Titan *parte poli, & quam nos ſpectamus euntes:*

Linquimus opidula hinc atq; illinc plurima. Quorum

Poſtremum tantum Romane dicere [2] Spes eſt.

Cætera non referam impedientia nomina verſum:

Per loca tranſverſis longe lateq; ſodinis

Plena, ſoloq; cavo, & pleno mortalibus intus,

Ingredimur [3] ſuperi; medio tonat ungula Campo

Feſtinantis equi; atq; una, aut paulo amplius, hora,

Præcipitis ferimur ſubita ad declivia Montis.

Pronūm erat hinc vicum ſubjectum intrare cadendo.

(1) Umbra breviſſima, ante pedes projecta, arguit, & ſolem meridianum, & nos ad Aquilonem converſos. (2) Hope. (3) Supra capita agentium ſubtus in cuniculis.

Sed

But we with winding ſteps, and wary foot
Strive as we may with ſafety, come unto't.
Firſt we the Sun upon our right hand place,
Then turning to the left, with a ſoft pace
We downwards going to our feet confide.
Then again mounting on the Hills left ſide
Into the Village we ſecurely ride,
Which built on a high Rock commands the ſight
Of all the Paſſengers that travel by't;
Call'd from the Caſtle near it, *Caſtleton.*
Not famous for the warlike Deeds there done,
Not great, nor built with Art, not ever could
Againſt the Canon-ſhot it ſelf uphold,
Nor yet impregnable to thoſe of old;
But ancient and built up of Stone it bears
The injuries of time, and weather dares.
Under the Lords, that kept the mines of yore
It might of Thieves repulſe the ſudden power.

Behind

Sed nobis ambage viam & cauto pede tritam
Ire placet, primumq; ad dextras Sole recepto,
Et mox conversis lævo descendere eodem,
Paulatim, & pedibus nosmet concredere nostris.
Conscensis hic rursus equis, sub Monte siniſtro,
Intramus pagum qui summa in rupe locatum
Aspectare jubet, [1] *deducto nomine, Castrum.*
Castrum non aliquo bellorum insigne labore;
Non magnum, non arcis opus spectabile; nostris
Impar tormentis, nec inexpugnabile priscis.
Antiquum tamen, & saxo super ædificatum,
Sustinet annorum, ventorum incommoda temnit.
Forsitan & Dominis sub plumbi-potentibus olim
Latronum potuit subitos arcere tumultus.

(1) Castleton.

Behind a ruin'd mountain does appear
Swelling into two parts, which turgent are
As when we bend our bodies to the ground,
The buttocks amply sticking out are found.
I'th' midst there is a Cave: and on each hand
A lofty Rock does as supporter stand
Of a vast weight of earth, which else would fall,
So to the midst with safety guards us all,
And now we're come (I blushing must rehearse)
As most does stile it to the *Devils Arse*;
Peaks Arse the Natives.
A noble Cave between two Rocks appears,
Unto the [1] Sun unknown, but to the Stars
Fearing to be immerg'd, and both the * Bears
Turn'd, it its mouth with horrour does present:
Just like a furnace, or as Hell they paint,
Swallowing with open Jawes the Damned croud

The Devils *Arse Mirac.2.* (1) *Where the Sun beams never come,* * *Toward* Ursa Major *and* Minor *Northern constellations.*

After

A Caſtro *ſtatim mons ſciſſus, detumet ambas*
In partes; velut inclinato Corpore noſtro
In crura extantes deturgent utraq; clunes.
In medio ſinus eſt: atq; erectiſſima utrinq;
Rupes quæ ingenti redituram pondere terram
Deſtinet, & tutis ſuccedere ad intima præſtat.
Jam ventum eſt (pudet effari) [1] Plutonis *ad* anum,
(Ut vocitant pleriq;) loci vocat incola, Peak's ars.
Nobile ſuſpenſis aperitur rupibus Antrum,
[2] *Ignoto tibi Phœbe loco, ſed ſegnibus Urſis*
Obverſo, & reliquis mergi metuentibus aſtris.
In ſpeciemq; patet furni, vel qualiter Orci
Ora perhorrifico pinguntur hiantia ritu
Poſt Ite *auditum, turbam ſorbentis abactam.*

(1) Orci cu'um, *Ang. The Divils Arſe.* Mirab. 2. (2) Q. ò nu quam pertingunt radii ſolares.

After the ſentence is pronounc'd aloud.
On horſeback we our entrance make, and ſpy
Horſes within, and haycocks mounted high.
But we with wonder and amaze admire
The tall prodigious Rocky [1]Hemiſphere,
How without prop 'tis capable to bear
So vaſt a weight, how it the mountain ſtayes,
And the eternal Geometrician praiſe,
Through the thick Arch, we ſee the water ſtain'd
To fall in drops, which on the earth retain'd,
Even then to their own Country the Sea,
Seek out returns with much perplexity;
In little Channels even then they ſearch
For fellow ſtreams, to fortifie their march.
From whence they teaching, we theſe notions get,
Rivers proceed not from the earth's receipt
Of the ſalt billowes by the ſandy ſhoars,

(1) *The vaſt roof.*

Which

Sublimes intramus equis. Tecta intus, & altos

Suspicimus cumulos detonsi munera prati.

Sed (1) cœlum attoniti miramur saxeum, ut ingens

Sustineat montis nullo fulcimine pondus;

Laudamusq; tuas æterne Geometer artes.

Cernimus & denso colatam fornice lympham

Guttatim elabi, & solidâ tellure receptam,

Æquoream in patriam reditum jam nunc meditari;

Jam nunc exiguis properare canalibus, undas

Quærentem socias, & fortius ire parantem.

Jamq; Amnes ipsis videor didicisse magistris,

Non fieri, salsum terra potante, liquorem

(1) Lacunar ingens.

Which ſtill imbibe them at their hollow pores,
As if the ſtraitned waters were forc'd up,
The Main being taller than the mountain's top;
But by the Suns hot rayes the Sea on high
Mounts up in vapours, which do wandring fly
Drove by the winds, which cooling ſtill as ſoon
As the heat fails them, or the Sun goes down,
In num'rous tears deſcend unto the earth,
From which collected, Rivers have their birth.
To view the dark receſſes of the Cave
We thought it not amiſs good lights to have.
Diſmounting, a ſhe-Native of the place
Leads us on forwards, with a gentle pace,
Handſome enough, and Girle enough ſhe was;
Who with her ſteady foot, and accent clear,
As guide emboldens us with many a [1] cheer.
Making our entrance with a [2] confus'd light,

(1) *The hum or joynt voice of the Marriners when they encourage one another, or ſalute a veſſel.* (2) *Compounded of the day-light and candle-light.*

Two

Littora ad ipſa maris, quaſi celſis montibus ipſe

Celſior Oceanus concluſam expelleret undam;

Sed mare Phœbæâ *tenuatum ſurgere flammâ*

In Cælum; actumq; Eoliis *errare miniſtris;*

Mox Phœbo *fallente algens, totaq; recepta*

Natura, in terras fletu deſcendere; & eſſe

Flumina collectas lachrymas. Placet ima cavernæ

Umbroſæ, illatâ penetralia viſere luce.

Deſcenſos ab equis, antri virgunculæ civis

Præcedit, formoſa ſatis, nimiumque puella;

Datq; animos, greſſuſque regit jucunda[1] *Celeuſtis.*

Primumque ingreſſis[2] *confuſo lumine ſenſim*

(1) Vox nautica hortatrix. (2) Miſto ex cœleſti & lychneo.

 Accedunt

Two Rocks with crooked backs drive from our sight
The beams of day, and bending down below,
On all four force us through their Arch to go.
Sometimes erect, then groveling tow'rds the ground,
In figures both of beasts, and men, we're found.
Until at length the slow and humble source
Of a dark River crossing, stopt our course.
A stream whose Channel ran till now beneath
The earth, here under the low Arch does breath.
And winding in its Channel to and fro,
Not alwayes does irrevocably go.
Sometimes it bosomes you within its bay,
Then jetting out, it drives you far away.
Thus far we go; beyond it none can have
The least admittance, who e're credit gave
To the old Womans Fable of the Father,
Who did forsooth well fraught with lights [2] swim o-(ver

(1) not being able to stand upright. The ridiculous story of the old woman.
(2) He swam over it with the more ease because it was very shallow.

Accedunt cautes utrinq; diemque recurvis
Extinguunt sinubus. Tum demittentia sese
Arcto[1] *quadrupedes admittunt fornice saxa.*
Erecto rursum rursum mox corpore prono
Pergimus, alterna pecudes hominesq; figura.
Donec transverso tandem prohibemur ab amne.
Amnem quem clausum fert sub tellure canalis
Hactenus, hic humili patitur spirare sub arcu;
Exitq; interdum non irrevocabilis unda.
Nunc speculatores propius, nunc longius arcens.
Huc nobis, ultra nulli licet ire, Nec est fas
Credere narranti vetulæ de patre, quod olim
Lychnorum ingressus librali fasce, fluentum
Tunc[2] modicum tranavit, & ulteriora sequutus,

(1) Nos, penè prostratos. Vetulæ ridicula narratio. (2) Faciliùs tranavit quia minime altum, Ridiculum.

A little ford, but durst not further roame;
Lest sunk in night, he ne're should backward come;
But we return, and with wet feet tread o're
The Sand again, that we had trod before.
The night and shades we now behind us leave,
And the blest day-light once again receive.
Got out, as is the pole a Mountain tall
Lifts up his head, like an old ruin'd Wall
Ready made weak by breaches now to fall.
Tis said eternally the Sand falls down,
Without the hills least diminution;
Strange this if true; and yet the Pyrami'd
Of falling sand, still gathering to a head,
Gives tacite Items that the Flux begun
By some great ruine, and will ever run
Until the mountains top and that be one.
And though the most call't *Mam Tor*, nev'rtheless

[1] *He sear'd to meet night in a dark den. Ridiculous.* Mam-Tor *Mirac.*

Maim'd-Tor

Tantum ivit, quantum licuit remeare timenti
Incidere in noctem. *Remeamus, & altius ante*
Signatis, uda imprimimus vestigia arenis.
Exuimus noctem, diasq; recepimus oras
Cum emersis, ante ora, poli mons æmulus alti
Tollitur, avulso præceps cum fragmine murus.
Desiuere æternum perhibent a vertice terram,
Nec tamen imminui montem. Mirabile dictu.
Constaret si certa fides. Sed acutus arena
Labente, agnoscens tumulus, tacito indicat auctu,
Continuum hunc fluxum primum cæpisse ruina
Ingenii, æquatoq; habiturum culmine finem.
Quemq; vocant alii correpto nomine Wam-Tor
Rectius hunc Clivum videor mihi dicere Wam-
(Tor

(1) Noctem timuit in spelunca tenebrosissima, Ridiculum, *Mem-Tor.* Mirab. 3.

Quod

Maim'd for the cliff I rather ſhould expreſs,
Which does in Engliſh a torn Rock denote,
And the decrepit hill gives favour to't.
Turn'd to the left a thouſand pace or ſo,
To the *Peak*-Forreſt without Tree we go,
Hem'd in with Stony fence the naked Deer
Cold Winter pinches, not a leaf does here
To ſhelter them upon theſe hills appear.
Summers fierce heat does ſcorch them, not a ſhade
From the Suns ray, to cover them is had.
Many the bloody wantonneſs of man
Deſtroy's with Dog his lov'd companion.
Many the changes when the Heavens frown,
Some *Elden* with wide jawes does ſwallow down.
Of the torn earth a dire *hiatus* 'tis
Which ſhould I labour truly to expreſs,
The Ancients I to councel call in vain,

Peak Forreſt. Elden hole. (1) *Mirac.* 4th.

For

Quod ſonat Angligenis Clivus Mutilatus, *& ipſe*
Mons, nomen magnâ Mutilatus parte fatetur.
Progredimur, verſi ad lævam, duo millia paſſum
Ad ſeptam muris, dictamque, ſine arbore, Sylvam,
Peccanam, *Cervos nudis in montibus urit*
Acris hyems, nulla tectos à frigore fronde;
Sicca æſtas, nulla tectos à ſolibus umbra.
Sæva hominum, canibus ſociis, laſcivia multos,
Multos ſæva necat varii inclementia cœli,
Et Fovea *abſorbet non magnam* Eldenia *partem,*
Eſt ea terribilis ſciſſæ telluris hiatus,
Quem digne ut memorem veterum undiq; convoco ſtru-
(*ſtra*

Peak Forreſt. *Elden Hole*, Mirab. 4.

Concilium;

For no ſuch thing the Poets e're cou'd feign,
How e're my Muſe, we ſome eſſayes muſt make.
And firſt the figure of its mouth let's take:
Let the apt ſimily be but compleat,
To ſmall things, ſo, thou may'ſt compare what's great:
Tell me, tell't me alone, tell't in my ear.
Whiſper't, that none but thou and I may hear;
She's dumb, as conſcious of the form [1] obſcene.
Upon the ſide of a fair hill that's green,
Its rim deſcending with the mountain's ſeen.
Driving off herds that graze around it far,
And ſucking with dark lungs the pliant air.
While from the edge we proſtrate view't, the ſight
O'th' vaſt *abyſs* does each of us affright,
With fear and dread the bold ſpectator ſpies.
No bounds to ſtop the progreſs of his ey's.
And though the ſtony battlements aſſure

(1) *The mouth of the hole is of a cunnoid form or like the privities of a woman*

Who's

Concilium, nam tale nihil finxere Poetæ

Tentandum tamen; & primum quam formam habet (oris

Musa refer; formæ simili componito. Magno

Nam potes exemplo parvis componere magna.

Dic tandem; dic summisse soli mihi, in aurem:

Obticet [1] obscœnæ sibi conscia virgo figuræ.

In latere herbosi collis, pascentia circum

Distituens armenta solum, rimaq; secundo

Monte patens, aûras atro inhibit ore sequaces.

Quod procumbentes oculis de margine pronis

Cum inspicimus, vastum inspectantes terret inane,

Subjectumq; horrens animus videt infinitum.

(1) Est enim Foveæ os, formâ cunnoeides.

Et

Whos' ere leans on them, may have ſight ſecure;
Yet ſtill diſtruſt our fearful minds invades,
And we retire from the dreadful ſhades.
But through the field we diligently ſearch
For ſtones; thrown in, long is their ſilent march.
At lenght by ſtroaks their Journies end they ſpeak,
(If any end, they in their journies make.)
Caſt in they ſink, and in their ſinking knock,
After long pauſes, on a hidden Rock.
Thence tilting, ten times they the ſtroaks repeat
In vain, not center'd on a bottome yet.
And now ſo oft deceiv'd, we ſtrive at length
Whole towers to throw in, had we but ſtrength,
Whole buildings, roofs and all, vaſt mountains tall,
(Hid they been there, for 'twould have ſwallow'd (all)
But a vaſt weighty ſtone, ſuch we could get,
We by main ſtrength, force from its Native ſeat.

And

Et quamvis tutos jam ſecuroſq; tueri
Continuo ſtantes hortentur marmore ripæ,
Non animis eadem ſpondentibus, ora Barathro
Demimus, & diro regnatis Dite tenebris,
At lapides toto ſparſos conquirimus agro,
Verbere qui tandem per longa ſilentia miſſi
Quis ſit eis doceant (ſi quis ſit) finis eundi.
Miſſi ſubſidunt lapides, feriuntq; cadentes
Cæcam (ſed longo feriunt poſt tempore) rupem.
Inde docent decies repetito verbere lapſi.
Deceptos decies necquicquam quærere fundum.
Tum vero ardemus, ſi vis reſpondeat æqua.
Ingerere integras turres, & tecta (ſi adeſſent,
Et non anguſto tellus nimis ore negaret)
Tota ſimul, totoſq; altos ibi perdere montes.
Quod licet, immani defixum pondere ſaxum,
Vi multa eruimus, prona & tellure volutum

Siſtimus

And rowling it along th'enclining land,
Upon the ſacred brink, we let it ſtand.
Then this repeat. Thou God to ſhades below,
Præfect in chief of torments, ſee we go
Of our chance certain, and high ſeats of glee,
(if they ſay true are rob'd in black like thee)
This torment add unto thoſe many more
Thou haſt invented, for the damn'd in ſtore.
In thy dominions if a ſoul thou haſt
Fam'd for rebellion, or for breach of truſt,
Beneath this Chaſme let it ſtreight be put.
Say it be *Simon*, or *Iſcariot*.
Or place the Gyants in a trice you'l ſee,
Bruis'd they the ſhadows, of a ſhade will be.
But O ye Soul's who ſhut up with them ſweat
Known and belov'd by us, make quick retreat,
And ſlight not our advice. This ſaid the ſtone
We drop, which circled in thick miſt is thrown

Againſt

Siſtimus adſacrum limen. Tum talia famur.

'Umbrarum præfecte Deus cruciatibus, Ecce,

'Securi noſtræ ſortis, certique ſupernæ

'Jampridem ſedis (ni nos tibi concolor author

'Fallat) tormentum jam inventis addimus unum.

'Pone ſub hac rimâ, tibi ſiqua ſit umbra rebellis,

'Inſigniſve fide violatâ. Subde *Simonem*,

'Aut *Judam* (*Judam Iſcarioten.*) Subde *Gigantes*.

'Contriti fient Umbrarum protinus umbræ.

'At vos, O animæ, quibus incaluere retentis

'Cognita amicorum, dilectaq; corpora nobis,

'Ferte pedem retro monitæ, & non temnite dicta.

Sic fati, lapidem demittimus. Ille per auras

Stagnantes, denſa merſus caligine fertur

Againſt a Rock, the Cavern groans the while,
Loud ſighs are vented from the ſhaken Pile.
From Rock to Rock, the ſound goes downward ſtill,
Leſs heard by us but the more heard by Hell.
The third and fourth percuſſion's nearer made,
With awful ſound affright each liſt'ning ſhade.
In ſhort againſt *Avernus'* craggy throat
At the eleventh ſtroak, it whiſpers out
Its journey only: what 'tis more you hear
After that blow, brought faintly to your ear,
Does but the Image of a ſound appear.
Away the ſhades, ſwift as the winds do glide,
In vaults of *Erebus* ſtrive to be hid.
In ſilence the mean while deſcends the Stone;
Through the infernal Spheres it poſt doth run,
And paſſes them in order one by one.
Into the confines of dread *Dis* it goes

(1) *Rough with ſharp and pointed Rocks.*

And

In ſcopulum. Gemit horrendum percuſſa Caverna,
Colliſæq; cient alte ſuſpiria moles.
Excuſſum primo, ſcopulus mox excipit alter,
Audito ſonitu nobis minus, at magis Orco.
Territat arrectis jam ſtantes auribus umbras
Tertius, atque minis quartus propioribus ictus.
Quid moror? undeno (1) dentatum guttur Averni
Verbere dum tranſit, ſe & tunc lapis ire ſuſurrat.
Poſt id quicquid iners aer vix auribus adfert,
Non ſonus eſt, ſed imago ſoni. Vento ocyus umbræ
Diffugiunt, Erebiq; tegi ſub fornice certant.
Interea inſernas percurrit in ordinæ Sphæras,
Deſcendens tacite ſaxum. Confinia Ditis

(1) Exertis cautibus aſperum.

And [1] empty ſeats in *Limbo* overthrows.
From thence by intenſe [2] flames it moves in haſt,
And Souls red hot in Heaven to be plac'd
(Purge from their droſs as are the Pipes by fire
Tobacco er'ſt had ſullied) and the [3] Sphere
Of Infants unregenerate it flyes.
(Unconſcious of its fault which tortur'd cryes)
Thence ſinking to the utmoſt Hell it goes
And center paſſes; where the wiſe ſuppoſe
Of *Ariſtotles* Sect ſhould top, and ſo
Aſcending to the t'other ſide does go.
Now the affrighted Ghoſts turn back again
Freed from the object which had giv'n them pain.
Amongſt which number *Syſiphus* alone
Does the approach lament of ſuch a Stone,
More busky and more weighty than his own
'Tis ſaid great *Dudly* to this Cave came down

(1) For the Limbus patrum has been empty long ago. (2) Purgatory. (3) Limbo.

Attingit, [1] *vacua evertitq; ſedilia Patrum.*

Inde per intenſum feſtinans labitur [2] *ignem,*

Candenteſque animas (tubulorum more recoctas

Fictilium, quos, tramſmiſſa fuligine, pinguis

Infecit Peti fumus) cœloq; locandas.

Infantumque [3] *ſemel natorum pervolat* [4] *orbem.*

(Inſcius admiſſi pœna luit [5] *inſcius, infans.)*

Ultima tum ſubiens, infandaq; Tartara, centrum

Tranſit (at hæſurum promiſerat [6] Entelechia,

Credenda umbra tamen) fundumq; aſcendit ad imum.

Et redeunt trepidi Manes reſidente favilla;

Quos inter timet, & fertunus Syſiphus ægre

Succeſſiſſe ſuo graviori pondere ſaxum.

Fertur ad hoc Antrum veniſſe Leceſtrius heros,

(1) nàm Limbus Patrum jamdudum vacuus. (2) Purgatorium. (3) non regeneratorum. (4) Limbum, (5) pœnas, non ſenſit at damnat. (6) Umbra *Ariſtotelis.*

In fam'd *Eliza's* Reign a Peer well known.
He a poor Peasant, for a petty price
With Rope around his middle does entice,
And pole in hand, like to *Sariſſa* tight,
And basket full of [1] Stones down to be let
And pendulous to hang i'th' midſt o'th' Cave;
Thence caſting ſtones intelligence to have
By liſtning, of the depth of this vaſt hole.
The trembling wretch deſcending with his pole
Puts by the Stones, that elſe might on him rowl,
By their rebounds caſts up a ſpace immence,
Where every ſtroak does death to him diſpence
Fearing the thread on which his life depends
Chance might cut off, e're Fate ſhould give com-
mand
After a hundred yards he had below
I'th' earth been drown'd, far as the Rope would go

[1]. *To try by the ſeveral ſhot (as) they made in their falling down the depth of the hole.*

To

Dudleius, *notus Comes is regnantis* Elizæ,
Ille inopem quendam parvo (sic credimus) ære
Conductum, & longo succinctum pectora fune,
Instructum conto, Pelleam imitante Sarissam,
[1] *Exploratores cophinoq; ferente lapillos*
Demitti, & media ussit pendere Caverna.
Inde jaci lapides, atq; auribus aera pronis
Captari, inde cavum propius scrutarier altum.
Descendens pavide miser, accedentia saxa
Nunc removet conto, nunc desiliente lapillo
Calculat immensum spatium, numeratque, quot ictus
Tot mortes; & fila timet pendentia vitæ,
Ne quis lascivus secet, injussuq; Sororum.
Postquam bis centum sub terram circiter ulnas
Mersus substiterat, funemq; tetenderat omnem,

(1) quibus decidentibus exploraret foveæ altitudinem.

And long enough hung by't within the Cave;
To th' Earl (who now impatient was to have
His anſwer) He's drawn up, but whether fear
Immoderate diſtracted him, or 'twere
From the ſwift motion as the Rope might wreath,
Or *Spectrums* from his fear, or Hell beneath
Frighted the wretch, or the Souls cittadel
Were ſtorm'd or taken by ſome Imp of Hell,
For certain 'twas he rav'd; this his wild eyes,
His paleneſs, trembling, all things verifies.
Where venting ſomething none could underſtand,
Enthuſiaſtick hints ne're to be ſcand,
He ceaſing [1] dies after eight daies were gone.
But th'Earl inform'd, [2] how far the Cave went down
He trembling from it haſts, not willing now,
Nor yet this way, down to the ſhades to go.
From hence within a Vale that hidden lyes;

(1) *Dyed mad of a Phrenſie.* (2) *To wit to Hell.*

Satque diu tenſo de funè pependerat, Antro
Extrahitur, cupido Heroi reſponſa daturus.
Verum, ſive metus mentem expugnaverat ingens;
Sive celer motus torti vertigine funis
Immodica, Solio Rationem excuſſerat alto;
Sive Erebi, ſive ipſa ſui jam ſpectra timoris
Pallida terruerant; ſive arcem mentis abactæ
Spiritus inferni poſſederat improbus Orci;
Haud dubie furit infœlix. Sic lumina torva,
Mutatuſque color, pallor, tremor, omnia monſtrant.
Ergo ubi non cuiquam intellecta profuderat, & quæ
Æquabat magnis [1] ſententia nulla Prophetis,
Conticuit, Maneſq; dies poſt octo [2] reviſit.
At Comes *audito quo [3] pertinet uſq; Caverna,*
Horruit, & (non hac, neq; nunc ſubiturus) abivit;

(1) quis ea loqui quorum nulla eſt ſententia, commune eſt vanum, inſanientiumque. (2) Mortuus eſt a *Phreneſi*. (3) Pertingit, ſcilicet ad Inferos.

Hinc

A thouſand paces off, a [1]Fount doth riſe.
From the low caverns of a graſſie hill;
With double mouth it's waters guſhing ſtill.
Which ſince th' admir'd flux o'th' greater Sea
Doth by report in its ſmall Channel play,
We thought it good (although the Sun made haſte
And drove his Chariot quick into the Weſt)
To ſtay a while, and haply ſo to ſee
When that the wonder of the Flux would be
With fame co-witneſſes o'th' rarity.
That which boils up with trembling waters bright
O'th' two the bigger, cheifly worth our ſight,
A font receives not equal unto thoſe
Are made by art, but yet by much out goes
What Fountain head, ere from wild chance aroſe.
Thence flowes, unleſs what doth at bottom keep

(1). *The ebbing and flowing well*, Mir ac.

Two

Hinc centum paſſus decies numeramus, & ecce;
In valle occulta, radicibus exilit imis
Graminei Collis, gemino [1] Fons ore perennis.
Quem quoniam immenſi mirandos æquoris æſtus,
Ludere in exigua fama affirmaverat unda,
Viſum eſt (quantumvis Phœbo properante) morari
Pauliſper, ſi forte aquulæ miracula detur
Aſpicere admotis, & famæ teſtibus eſſe.
Quæ vitreis ebullit aquis tremula unda, duarum
Major, ſplendidior, ne & poſcens ſola videri,
Excipitur puteo, ſtructis non æquiparando,
Sed qui fortuito quovis ornatior ortu eſt.
Inde ſoluta fluit, niſi quæ fundo retinetur
Lata duos cubitos, tres longa, unumq; profunda.

(1) Fons æſtuans, Mirab. 5.

Two Cubits broad, three long, one Cubit deep.
One when no more then's own it doth contain,
But to it by the forreign floud doth gain.
A mark is by the ſwelling waters made,
Which gives the ſtony brink a ſignal ſhade.
Which by its blackneſs to have ebb'd of late
Diſcerning it uneaſie ſeem'd to wait
So long until the tide again came on.
So we our Horſe heads turn for to be gone.
When we're call'd back by th'guſhing waters noiſe,
And ſee them plainly on the Stones to riſe.
Now the full Fountains waters boil apace,
As when fierce fires we under *Cauldrons* place,
The water cannot reſt that is above,
But ſhuns the mettle, and does volant prove.
When near the Font from the aforeſaid head
A rivulet does ſuddainly proceed,

Vnum dico ſuo quando contenta liquore

Subſidet, at binos quando hoſpite tollitur unda.

Labra reclinatæ ſignabat ſaxea ripæ

Linea, quam latices ipſi fecere tumentes,

Subnigris ſaxis modo detumuiſſe reperti.

Ergo ceſſatos iterum expectare labores

Tædet, & improbius viſum eſt. Diſcedere prorſus

Admotis properamus equis. Jam jamq; abeuntes

Concuſſis revocamur aquis. Liquidoſq; videmus

Attolli latices: ſenſimq; irrepere ſaxis.

Jamq; fere pleno ſaltabat fervida fonte

Lympha, velut rabidus cum ſubditur ignis aheno,

Neſcia ſtare loco, refugit ſævum unda metallum;

Cum juxta fontem, condicto rivulus ortu

Erumpit

And pouring from above its ſtreams deep in,
Helps the augmenting waters to attain
There wonted height, which got, decreaſe again
When ſtreight the rivulet that with ſuch force
Powr'd from above it's waters, ſtops its courſe.
And the dry Earth now thirſty grown for more
Drinks off the cups ſhe had diſgorg'd before.
Part of the Channel now diſpers'd doth flow
Forth from the well, part under ground doth go.
Small thefts of *Moſs* from off the Stones were there,
Graſs, Chaff, torn bits of paper, and ſuch geer.
Or what 'tis elſe its ſhallow ſtream can bear,
That we fling in, returning it doth come
Together with it, to earths hollow womb.
And now the humble Fount ſo low was grown
It ſcarce retain'd the waters were its own.
When as the tides return, again they ſwell,

Erumpit ſubito, ſuper infuſoq; liquore,

Præſtat aquæ ſolitos auctæ contingere fines.

Quo perducta iterum decreſcit, & illico rivi

De ſuper immiſſi reſtinguitur impetus, & quæ

Reſpuerat repetit ſitiens ſua pocula Tellus.

Diſtracti laticis pars effluit altera ripis

Fontis; pertuſo infertur pars altera fundo.

Furtaque muſcoſis erepta leviſſima ſaxis,

Graminaq; & paleam & tenuis præſegmina chartæ,

Sive aliud quicquam parva ſuperabile lympha

Injicimus, rediens infert in viſcera terræ,

Jamq; humili fonti proprius vix conſtitit humor,

Cum redeunt fluctus; Iterum ceu febre laborat

Unde tremens; iterum æſtuat; auctaq; lymphis

Ex-

Again to wonted *Feavers* trembling boil,
Increas't by forreign flouds ſo far to gain
Their bounds, and [1] Tropick ſtations to attain,
Lading their ſhoars ſtill with a freſh ſupply
So far, and then again they falling fly.
But the encreaſing [2] ſhades forbid our ſtay
Which monſtrous grown *Gigantick* forms betray.
Our journey we haſt on, but as we go,
We ſearching ſtrive by ev'ry ſign to know
From what hid cauſe, ſo great a ſtrife ſhould Spring.
For neither ſaltneſs, nor yet any thing
That's common to the Water of the Sea
Are in this Fountain ever found to be.
On the Moons influence it don't depend,
Nor does it at ſet times its flouds extend,
(As does the Sea) unto theſe tides there is

(1) *The utmoſt high water point to which when they were come they decreas'd again.* (2) *The Sun going down.*

No

Externis iterum [1] *tropicam contingere metam*

Sufficit, accepto velans ſua littora fluctu;

Atq; iterum reſidet. Sed nos vetat [2] *umbra morari,*

Umbra giganteas mentita Coloſſea formas,

Maturamus iter, ſed quærimus inter eundum,

Conamurque, omni collato diſcere ſigno,

Abdita quæ tantum concivit cauſa tumultum.

Nam neque Salſedo, neque quid commune marinis,

His reperitur aquis; Phœbes nil imputat aſtro

Fons hic, temporibus nec tollitur (ut mare) certis;

(1) quo provecta ſolebat decreſcere. (2) Solis jam occidentis.

No Rules from any Ephemerides.
What then ſhould be the cauſe? in ſhort 'tis this.
The water which from under ground doth riſe
And with its forreign ſtream fills up the Well,
Does not come thither brought by 'ts own Cannel,
And willingly anothers right invades.
But while the footſteps of the floud that leads
It followes, ſeeking through the womb of earth
For Fountains, whence its waters may have birth,
On ſubterraneous Caves its flouds do fall,
With narrow vent, and entrances but ſmall.
Hither as oft as that the waters flow,
With ſwelling tides, and ſtop the vents below
With their ſwift currents, ſuddenly the air
Shut up within, does for the place prepare
Defence againſt the waters, and deny
Their entrance, having no where for to fly.

Æstibus his nullam præfigit Ephemeris horam.

Ergo quid in causa est? Paucis sic accipe. Prodit

Quæ tellure cavâ, fontiq; illabitur unda

Advena, non istuc proprio delata canali

Pervenit, atq; volens alienos occupat ortus,

Sed dum ductricis sequitur vestigia lymphæ,

Longinquosque petit, per terræ viscera, fontes,

Intrat in angustis subcunda meatibus antra.

Huc quoties humor tumefactâ defluit undâ,

Præcipitique aditum comprendit flumine totum,

Protinus aura locum conclusa tuetur, aquisq;

Pernegat ingressum, nec habens quo cedere, pugnat,

And as there's nought then air inclos'd more ſtrong,
It bears againſt the watry croud that throng;
Then as thick troops through narrow portal ſtrain.
The firſt ſtick at the threſhold, the remain
In a condenced croud before the gates
Make a full ſtand; part urges on their mates,
Part wandring ſeek out for ſome other way;
So the excluded waters at their ſtay
Impatient grown, and ſwelling, go aſtray;
Then roving, to this Font are ſlowly brought.
Hence 'tis with ſhow'rs when the earth is fraught,
The fluxes happen ever and anon,
As now, three times they riſe, three times go down;
With conſtant droughts but when the earth hath been
Burnt monthly then the wonder ſcarce is ſeen.
Now out of ſight daies waggoner was gone,
And the *Antipodes* had ſhun upon.

The

Vtque eſt deprenſa nihil obſirmatius aura,
Suſtinet urgentes exili corpore lymphas,
Tum, conferta velut ſi portis irruat arctis
Turba, hærent, ipſo defixi in limine, primi;
Quæ ſequitur ſtat pro foribus ſtipata caterva,
Parſque urget ſocios, alias dilabitur & pars
Quæſitura vias: Excluſus defluus humor
Intumet, impatienſq; moræ, expatiatur, & errans
Fertur in hunc fontem, lentarum impulſor aquarum.
Hinc fit poſt magnos guttis pluvialibus imbres
Tranſmiſſis, æſtus fieri crebros, & in horas,
Fluctum (ut nunc) vicibus tolli, & ſubſidere ternis.
Sed poſt continuis tellurem ardoribus uſtam,
Vix ſemel in toto cerni hæc miracula menſe.
Jam noſtros fugiens viſus, Auriga diei
Antipodas tota luſtrabat Lampade; nobis

The Sun burnt clouds but glimmer to the sight,
When at fam'd *Buxton's* hot bath we alight.
Unto St. *Ann* the Fountain sacred is:
With waters hot and cold its sources rise,
And in its Sulphur-veins there's med'cine lies.
This cures the Palsied members of the Old,
And cherishes the Nerves grown stiff and cold.
Crutches the Lame unto its brink convey,
Returning the ungrates fling them away.
The Barren hither to be fruitful come,
And without help of Spouse, go pregnant home,
Into a Cistern square, the water flowes;
And seldome higher than five foot it goes,
The prying gazer's view the Walls prevent,
To th'Rain the Roof is an impediment.
One common Wall with open doors doth joyn.

Buxton Well. Mirable,

While

Languida ſuccenſæ præbebant lumina nubes.
Et ſimul ad celebrem tepidis deponimur undis
Buxtonam. *Divæ ſacer eſt fons inclytus* Annæ:
Ambas miſcet aquas calidæ gelidæq; miniſtra
Tellus; ſulphureiſq; effundit Pharmaca venis,
Hæc reſoluta ſenum confirmat membra trementum,
Et refovet nervos lotrix hæc lympha gelatos.
Huc infirma regunt baculis veſtigia claudi;
Ingrati referunt baculis veſtigia ſpretis.
Huc, Mater fieri cupiens, accedit inanis,
Plenaque diſcedit, puto, nec veniente marito.
Excipitur, ferme quadrato fonte, ſerena
Naſcens unda. & quinq; pedes vehit alta natantes.
Spectator muris, & tecto excluditur imber.
Hoſpitioque eadem gratiſſima balnea noſtro

Buxton Well. *Mirab.* 6.

While therefore turfie fewel does prepare
Our ſupper, jointly we reſolved are
Our wearied limbs in the warm bath to cheer.
Soon ſtripp'd, the clearer waters round us glide,
And our naked limbs, with Chriſtal covers hide.
Upon our face we ſwim, then backward try,
But fail. 'Tis known ſome others may outvy.
After an hours ſport i'th' troubled floud,
Come out, dry ſheets does our wet bodies ſhroud.
Then each again is cloth'd in's own array,
And the ſpread table ſpeaks our ſuppers ſtay.
Night the mean time breaks forth from ëry glade
And conqu'reſs covers all with darkſome ſhade.
Till in by Candle-light our meats convey'd.
Where a ſmall bowl, but not whole baths of broth
At our requeſt is plac'd to be ſupt off.
The Mutton taken from't apart is laid;

Conjungit foribus paries communis apertis.
Ergo placet, coquitur dum ceſpite cœna cremato,
Defeſſos lymphis refovere tepentibus artus.
Protinus exuti, nitidis illabimur undis,
Nudaque perſpicuis velamus corpora lymphis.
Nunc facie prona namus; nunc nare ſupini
Tentamus.[1] *Bibimus. Nec enim omnia poſſumus omnes.*
Poſtquam vexatis per totam fluctibus horam
Luſimus; egreſſi ſiccis lodicibus udi
Induimur. Mox quiſque ſuo veſtimur amictu,
Veſtitos ſtratis expectat cœnula menſis.
Nox atra interea ſimul evolat omnibus antris.
Et victrix tenebris involverat omnia cæcis,
Donec ſuccenſis infertur cœna lucernis. Cœnula.
Jam nobis lixæ *non integra balnea* ovillæ,
Sed modicum juris,[2] *conſultis ponitur.* *Ipſa* Jus.

(1) Indocti nare, aquam imbibimus. (2) Interrogatis, an apponi placeret.

Tum

From the ſame Sheep a ſmoaking loyn is had
Hot drawn from off the Spit, With a young fowl
From the demoliſh'd egg was lately ſtole.
And butter'd Peaſe by Spoonfuls. But rich Wine
In vain we ſeek; Ale in black pots that ſhine,
Good nappy Ale we drink. Thus ſupt, afar
We with Tobacco drive off ſleep and care.
Aurora's Charriot had not driven on
And by her march ſpoke the approaching Sun,
By the eclipſe of Stars that now were gone,
When we aroſe from ſleep, again repair
To the warm bath, and amply tinged are
Now double dip't in its all healing floud,
Then once again, we our wet bodies ſhroud
Now dewy grown within our beds, and ſo
After nine hours ſleep ariſe and go.
One thing remain'd, but highly worth our view,
Pool's hole, a Cave ſo call'd, and near us too.

Pool's hole. Mir. c. 7.

Pool

Tum caro [1] *conditis thermis educta. seorsim.*
Atque ovis *ejusdem fumans à cuspide* [2] lumbus.
Et nuper rupto gallinæ [3] filius *ovo.*
Pisaque *quæ nobis converrat cochlear uncta.* Pisa
Ditia cùm frustra quærantur pocula Bacchi,
Ollâ subridens bibitur cervisia *nigrâ.*
Cœnati peto *somnos arcessimus hausto.*
Postera Phœbæos ducens Aurora triumphos
Nondum vulgares Cælo dimoverat ignes,
Cùm somno excusso tepidis immergimur undis
Rursus, & inficimur penitus medicante liquore
Jam dibaphi [4] *atq. iterum rorantia corpora lectis*
Reddimus, & nonâ de somno surgimus horâ.
Unica restabat, verum dignissima visu,
Haud procul hinc Spelunca Poli, *sic dicta Caverna.*
Insignis latro Polus, *&, si credere famæ*

(1) ovilla elixa, jusculo extracta (2) oviliæ assatæ. (3) pullus. Ecol's hole. Mirab. 7.

Debe-

Pool was a famous thief, and as we're told
Equal to *Cacus*, and perchance as old.
Shrowded within this darkſome hid retrieve
By ſpoils of thoſe he robb'd, he us'd to live,
And towards his den poor travellers deceive;
But murder he with thefts did introduce
Thus they, and thus the Author lay abſtruce.
This to behold a ſkilful guide we take,
And Captain in our darkſome journeys make.
To a green hill on foot then bend our way
From *Buxton* near a thouſand paces lay,
At bottom ot the Hill to th hollow ground
Stooping by a ſmall vent a way is found;
More paſſable the further in you go.
At length we all with crablike geſture ſlow,
And light in hand, the paſſage do get through,
And with it gain an upright poſture too,
A monſtrous, horrid, ſhapeleſs den appears

Where

Debemus, furi par Caco, & forte coævus.
Hac uſus latebra conſuevit vivere rapto;
Atque viatores ſpoliandos ducere in Antrum.
Verum & ei ſolenne fuit conjungere furtis
Cædem; Sic texit ſcelera anthoremque Caverna.
Hanc inſpecturi penitus, ductore perito
Cæcarum aſſumpto ima ſub tellure viarum,
Eximus, pedites collem petimuſq; virentem,
Diſtantem noſtra vix paſſus, mille taberna.
Ipſas ad montis radices, concava tellus
Proſtratis aditum pertuſa foramine præbet
Exiguo, minus at præmiſſis invia (1) plantis.
Omnes cancrino greſſu, ſumptaq; lucerna
Quiſque ſua, tandem tranſmittimur, erigimurq;
Antrum, horrendum, informe, ingens aperitur. Et atra
Diviſa in partes nox diſſilit atrior ambas.

(1) pedibus.

Aſpera-

Where the divided night, gives greater fears.
Now on the Court of the great Pool we look
Horrid, and rough with Rocks. The Ceiling ſtruck
Shines with bright fiery ſparks. We further yet
With mounted lights go on, and wary feet.
Vaſt, ſlippery, moiſt, and Stones to climb full hard
Looſe, once to fall, now therefore to be fear'd,
Mountains and vallyes wild o'th' Stony Cave
We paſs, with a blind River which each wave
With murmures flings, againſt the Rocks it meets
To th'top of a ſteep Mountain who doth get
From the low River riſing, may with ſweat,
And wearied hands, and weari'd feet, mount on
(Bolder by far than we) the utmoſt Stone
Of this dark Cave; three ſtadiums diſtant from
The entrance, by which to it we did come.
This Cave by *Gorgon* with her ſnaky hair
You'd think was firſt poſſeſt; ſo all things there

Turn'd

Asperaque apparet Latronis, *& horrida Saxis*
Regia. Percussum rutilo micat igne lacunar.
Progredimur. Tedibusq; admoto lumine cautis,
Saxa ingentia, roscida, lubrica, & ardua scansu,
Libera, corruitura semel, nunc ergo timenda,
Saxosæque feros montes vallesq; Cavernæ
Transimus, fluviumq; suas qui dissipat undas
Cæcus in objectas impingens murmure rupes.
Qui scandet rauco surgentem à flumine montem,
Ille licet sudetq;, pedesq; manusq; fatiget,
Dissita ab introitu stadiis tribus, ultima opaci
Tertinget (multo nobis audacior) Antri.

Speluncam *hanc credas habitatam Gorgone primùm*
Anguicomâ, & versa in rigidum sic omnia Saxum,

Nam

Turn'd into Stone for nothing does appear
That is not Rock. What from the ceiling high
Like hams of *Bacon* pendulous you ſpy,
Will ſcarce yield to the teeth; ſtone they are both.
That is no Lyon mounts his main ſo rough,
And ſets as a fierce tenant o'th' dark den,
But a meer yellow Stone. That grave old Man
That leaning lyes on his hard Rocky bed,
Himſelf may truly part of it be ſaid.
Thoſe Stars from the clear roof that ſhine ſo bright
Are nought but Stones which ſparkle 'gainſt the (light.
The drop which hangs upon the pointed Stone
Is that ſo to? it is or will be one.
Took up between our fingers it is ſeen
To be nor Stone, nor Water, but between,
Of ſuch a ſubſtance as a leaven'd Maſs.
But on the [1] flying water as we gaze,

(1) *Haſting from an aqueous ſubſtance to a ſtony one.*

Our

Nam lapis eſt, quodcunq; vides. Laquearibus altis
Quæ ſicci tibi terga Suis *pendere videntur,*
Dentibus haud cedent. Durum ſunt utraq; ſaxum.
Non eſt ille Leo, *Leo, quamvis erigat hirta*
Colla jubâ, ſedeatq; Antri ferus incola cæci,
Sed fulvus lapis. Ille Senex *qui rupibus aſpris*
Inniſus recubat cubito, pars rupis & ipſe eſt.
Quæque lacunari ſcintillam Aſtra micante,
Sunt nitidi illata gemmantes luce lapilli:
Guttaque *quæ ſaxi mucro nunc pendet acuti,*
Numquid & illa lapis? lapis illa vel eſt, vel erit mox
Admoti exceptam digito deprendimus eſſe
Nec lapidem, nec aquam, verum media inter utrumq;
Natura, qualiq; tenax humore farina.
Detinet intentos dum (1) *transfuga lympha, lucernæ,*

(1) transfugiens à naturâ aqueâ ad ſaxeam.

Our lights perſwade us now grown tow'rds decay,
To haſte from the Caves labarinth away.
But turning firſt on the left hand, behold
The bed-chamber of *Pool* the robber bold:
All of plain Stone, ne're water'd with the dew,
Furniſh'd with bed and chamber-pot we view.
And thence returning, to the day get clear.
Laborious climbing and of falls the fear,
Our wearied joints had now bedew'd with ſweat,
Our creeping hands with the moiſt earth were wet.
When ready crouds at the Caves mouth attend
And waters mixt with flowers re-commend
Our hands to waſh. Something indeed there is
Expected for theſe their civilties.
And juſtly too, were we waſh'd ne're ſo clean,
Something of Dirtineſs would ſtill remain,
Unleſs by ſome rewards (although not great)
Their courteſies we ſhould remunerate.

Curtæ perplexâ ſuadent exire Caverna.

Sed prius ad lævam remeantes, undiq; ſaxo

Obductum plano, Furis, nulloq; madentem

Rore Poli *thalamum, lecti, laſaniq; capacem,*

Inſpicimus. Superis tum demum reddimur oris.

Jam tepido feſſos ſudore rigaverat artus,

Scandendique gravis labor, & formido cadendi.

Reptantumque manus obleverat humida tellus.

Verum ante oras ſpecus turba officioſa, lavandis

Præbebat manibus permiſtam floribus undam.

Scilicet exigitur tacite prominere nummus.

Recte. Namq; hærent ſordes ut cunq; lavemur

Ni (quamquam levibus) referatur gratia donis.

Omnia jam Pecci *Miracula vidimus* Alti,

W'had ſeen now all the wonders of the Peak;
To *Buxton* we return, and dining quick,
Our horſe are brought; and we through clouds con-(vey'd
By *Sheldon*, (whilſt two thouſand pace are made)
And *Aſhford*, with *Shelmarton*, petty towns,
To *Chatſworth* fam'd, where the ſwift *Derwin* runs.

THE END.

Buxtonamque *iterum perlatis, & cito pranſis*
Adducuntur equi, nos qui inter nubila vectos,
Solliciteque decem numerantes millia paſſuum,
Per non inſignes Chelmarton, Sheldon, *&* Aſhford,
Ad Chatſworth *referunt celerem* Deroentis *ad undam.*

FINIS.

Books Printed for *William Crook* at the *Green Dragon* without *Temple-Bar*.

1. *Greek Teſtament*, Printed by *Jo. Redmayn* oct.

2. *The compleat Vineyard, or the moſt excellent way for the planting of Vines*, by *William Hughes*, in oct.

3. *Praxis Curiæ Admiralitatis Angliæ, Authore* F. Clerk, oct.

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